

SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH.

"He that will not reason, is a bigot; he that cannot, is a fool; and he that dare not, is a slave."

RODNEY, (MISS.) TUESDAY MORNING, JUNE 9, 1837.

No. 17.—Whole No. 175.

SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY
THOMAS H. PALMER,
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at the expiration of the year.
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paid, unless at the option of the editor.
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period than one year.

Terms of Advertising.
For the first insertion, one dollar; for each additional insertion, fifty cents.
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Customers & the Public generally.

Have just received, direct from
New York, a splendid assortment of
**SPRING AND SUMMER
MERCHANDISE,**
the following is a part—
4-1 Lowell Cottons,
and bleached Sheetings and Shirtings,
Shirtings and Diaper,
a full assortment of Prints,
(plain and figured)

Handkerchiefs,
Gloves,
Hosiery, &c. &c.

We have also on hand a lot of **PALM
LEAF HATS.**
Rodney, April 11, 1837. 9-f

WANTED ON HIRE,
FAITHFUL, trusty house Servant,
capable of doing plain cooking,
washing and ironing; for whose services a
liberal monthly compensation will be paid
in cash. Apply at the Commercial Bank
of Rodney.

Fashionable Tailoring.
J. I. MOORE,
RESPECTFULLY announces to his
friends and the public in general,
that he has returned to Rodney under more
favorable auspices than those which induced
him to leave; and having, as he hopes,
gained the good will of the community,
confidently thinks that a liberal share of
patronage will be extended to him.
His shop may be found opposite to the
Mansion House, and one door below the
store of Messrs. Fauver & Farnsworth.
All orders will be punctually attended to.
Rodney, April 18, 1837. 10-f

Plantation for Sale.
INTENDING after this year, to remove
my planting interest to the river, I offer
for sale the tract of land on which I now
reside, situated in Jefferson county, in the
Gulf Hills, 12 miles from Rodney and 10
from Port Gibson.
The tract contains upwards of 1000
Acres of the best quality of Gulf Hill Land,
about 500 Acres of which are in high culti-
vation, is remarkably well watered, and is
considered one the healthiest places in the
country.
It has upon it a good comfortable Dwel-
ling House, with a fine never failing spring
convenient to it, and all the necessary out-
houses; a quarter large enough to accom-
modate 40 hands; a Gin with 2 stables; a
Mill separate from the Gin; Stable, &c. &c.
If desired, I will also sell the stock
which is tolerably large;
FARMING UTENSILS, &c.
Likewise,
A FEW FIRST-RATE HANDS.
Possession to be given after the crop now
being planted shall be gathered.
Persons desirous of purchasing are re-
quested to call upon me previous to the 1st
of May, about which time I expect to leave
home.
J. B. COLEMAN.
March 4, 1837. 6-f

**15,000 ACRES OF LAND,
AND 75 NEGROES,
FOR SALE.**
THE subscribers propose selling fifteen
thousand acres very superior level
COTTON LANDS,
situated on the bank of navigation, entire-
ly free from inundation. Growth, highland
dogwood, red-bud, sassafras, hickory, wal-
nut, locust, boxelder, holly, gum, &c. and
very large cane.
ALSO,
75 LIKELY YOUNG NEGROES,
now upon the land. Possession given im-
mediately. Credit 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and
8 years. For a more particular description
of the above property, and for terms apply
to either of the owners.
**G. GIBSON,
N. WILSON.**
April 11, 1837. 9-f

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.
THE undersigned Commissioners ap-
pointed by the Probate Court of Jefferson
county, to receive and admit claims against
the estate of David N. Williams, deceased,
reported insolvent, will meet for that purpose
on the fourth Saturday in each month,
for six months successively, at Jm. Steele's.
**JO. DUNBAR,
JAMES WOOD, Comm'rs.
ROB. Y. WOOD.**
March 7, 1837. 4-f

**BLANKS OF ALL KINDS FOR SALE
AT THIS OFFICE.**

NOTICE.
THE partnership of Ballantine & Nelson
is this day dissolved by the death of Mr.
Ballantine. The business will only be
continued for the purpose of settlement, and
in which the name of the firm only will be
used.
**WILLIAM NELSON,
Surviving Partner.
THOMAS W. BECK,
Attorney.**
Rodney, November 8, 1836. 39-f

**FRESH supply of G. W. CAR-
PENTER'S PREPARATIONS**
just received and for sale, by
T. G. COMPTON.
April 18, 1837. 10-f

Dr. T. H. FOX,
OFFERS his services to the
inhabitants of Rodney and its vi-
cinity, in the various branches of
his profession. His office is on
Commerce street in the Drug Store of Dr.
Barbridge, where he will at all times be
found when not professionally engaged.
May 9, 1837. 13-f

REMOVAL.
THE Store of YOE & DAVENPORT
has been removed to the new building late-
ly erected by George Overaker, one door
below the south-west corner of Commerce
street.
Rodney, April 11, 1837. 9-f

Fresh Arrival.
STUART & SMITH,
HAVE just received, and are now open-
ing, an assortment of
STAPLE & FANCY GOODS,
adapted to the season, to wit:
Superior black Merinos,
do Silk Hdkfs (of various colors),
Fine Italian Sewing Silk, (assorted)
Black Silk Velvet, (a beautiful article),
Thread Lace and Edgings,
Black striped Chalis,
Mourning Muslin, &c.
Together with a very fine assortment of
Ladies' Fancy Dress Handkerchiefs,
Gloves,
Hosiery, &c. &c.
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POETRY.
From the Juvenile Miscellany.
WINTER AND SPRING.
"Adieu!" father Winter gratefully said
To the world, when about to quit it.
With his old white wig half off his head
As if never-made to fit it.
"Adieu!" I'm going to the rocks and caves,
To leave all here behind me:
Or perhaps I shall sink in the northern waves
So deep that none can find me!
"Good luck! good luck, to your hoary locks!"
Said the gay young Spring advancing:
Go take your nap, and the caves and rocks,
While I over the earth am dancing.
There is not a spot where your foot has trod,
You hard, old, clumsy fellow,
Not a hill, nor a field, nor a single sod,
But I have got to mellow.
And then I shall spread them o'er with grass,
That will look so fresh and cheering,
None will regret that they let you pass
Far out of sight and hearing.
The fountains that you look up on so tight,
When I shall give them a spanking,
Will sparkle and play to their gladdening light,
And the brooks will set off a rambling.
Oh speak in the ground, to the hidden root,
Where you have kept it sleeping;
And bid it send up the tender shoot,
And set the wild vine creeping.
The boughs that you caked all o'er with ice,
Till 'twas chilling even to behold them,
I shall stick them all round with birds so nice,
My breath can scarce unfold them.
And when the tree in blossom's dress'd,
The bird with her song so merry,
Will come on its limb to hold her nest,
By the sign of the future cherry.
The air and the earth by their joyfulness,
Shall show the good I am doing;
And the skies beam down with their smiles to
bless,
The course that I'm pursuing!"
Said Winter, then, I would have you to learn
By my, my new song,
To push off too, when it comes to your turn,
And yield your place to Summer!"

MISCELLANEOUS.
THE EMPRESS OF FRANCE.
"She, in the working of whose destiny,
The man of blood and victory attained
His more than kingly height."
THE CONQUEST.
When a few centuries shall have thrown
their shadows upon the strange fortunes of
Napoleon, and given to every thing about
him the tinge of romance, the story of his
first wife will seem to the student rather a
fable than a fact; he will look upon her as
we look upon Mary of Scotland, but with a
deeper interest—for she, far more truly
than her lord, was from first to last, the child
of destiny.
Told, while yet unmarried, that she would
be a wife, a widow, and a Queen of France;
the entire fulfillment of the first part of the
prophecy, gave her courage to believe in the
last part also when under sentence of
death. When her bed was taken from un-
der her, because she was to die in the morn-
ing, she told her weeping friends that it
was not so; that she should sit upon the
throne on the ruins of which Robespierre
then stood triumphant; and when asked in
mockery, to choose her motto of honor,
since she was to be Queen, she did choose
them, and they were her motto of honor
when half of Europe looked up to her. On
that night, which was to have been her last
on earth, Robespierre fell. Had he fallen
a few days earlier, her first husband would
have lived; had he fallen one day later,
Josephine would have been among the ten
thousand victims whose names we have
never heard. But he fell on that night, and
her destiny was accomplished.
She married Napoleon, and through her,
her husband was appointed to the army of
Italy. Step by step they rose, till at last
the crown rested upon her head; the sec-
ond part of the prophecy was proved true,
and she began to look forward to that loss
of power and rank, which had also been
foretold, and which was to close the strange
dream of her life.
And he that had wedded the child of des-
tiny grew every day more strong and more
grasping. In vain did Josephine attempt
to rule his ambition, and chasten his aims;
he was an emperor; he wished to found an
empire, and by slow degrees he made him-
self familiar with the thoughts of putting her
away.
When the campaign of 1809 was at an
end, he returned and narrowed, the General
came back to his wife. His former kind-
ness was gone; his playfulness was check-
ed; he consulted her but seldom, and sel-
dom stole upon her private hours with that
familiar love that had so often made her
heart leap. She saw that her hour drew
nigh.
It was the evening of the 20th of Novem-
ber, the cold was at Paris in honor of the
King of Saxony. Josephine sat at her win-
dow, looking down upon the river, and musing
on the dark fate before her, when she
heard Napoleon's step at the door. She
sprang to open it, using her usual exclaima-
tion, "not now!" He embraced her affec-

tionately, and for a moment her fears and
woes seemed vain. She led him to a chair,
placed herself at his feet, and looking up
into his face, smiled through her tears.
"You are unhappy, Josephine," said the
Emperor.
"Not with you, sire."
"But," said he, quickly, "why call me
sire? These shows of state steal all true
joy from us."
"Then, why seek them?" answered Jose-
phine.
The Emperor made no reply. "You are
now the first of men," she continued; "why
not quit war, turn ambition out of your
conceits, bend your thoughts on the good of
France, and live at home among those who
love you?"
Josephine said he, turning his face
from her, "it is not I, it is France demands
the sacrifice."
"Are you sure of that, my Lord?" said the
wife. "Have you probed your heart to the
bottom? Is it not ambition that prompts you
to seek reasons for repudiating me? For
think not, Napoleon, I misunderstood you—
Are you sure it is the love of France?"
Every word she spoke touched him to the
quick; and rising hastily, he replied—
"Madam, I have my reasons; good even-
ings!"
"Stay, sire!" said she, taking hold of his
arm, "we must not part in anger. I submit.
Since you wish it, I submit cheerfully. It
is not my nature to oppose your will; I love
you too deeply. Nor shall I cease to love
you, Napoleon, because I am to leave your
throne and your side. If you still go on
victorious, I shall rejoice with you; if re-
verse comes, I will lay down my life to com-
fort you. I will pray for you morning and
night, and hope that you will sometimes
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Hardened as he was, Napoleon had loved
his wife deeply and long. Her submission
to his stern resolve; her calm, but mournful
dignity; her tried, unshaken love, moved
even him; and for a moment affliction strug-
gled with ambition. He turned, and em-
braced her again; but in that moment her
face and form had changed. Her eye and
her whole person seemed inspired! He
felt himself in the presence of a superior
being. She led him to the window, and
threw it open. A thin mist rested upon the
Seine and over the gardens of the palace;
all around was silent; among the stars then
before them, one was far brighter than the
rest. She pointed to it.
"Sire," she said, "that star is mine—to
that, and not to yours, was promised empire,
through me, and through my designs, you
have risen; part of me, and you fall—
The spirit of her that bore me rise to
royalty, even now communes with my spirit,
and tells me that your fate hangs on mine.
B. I love me or no, if we henceforth
walk assunder, you will leave no empire
behind you, and will die yourself in shame
and sorrow, and with a broken spirit!"
He turned away sick at heart, and over-
awed by the words of one whose destiny
had been so strangely accomplished. Ten
days were passed in resolves and counter-
resolves—and then the link that bound him
to fortune was broken. Josephine was di-
vorced; and as he said himself at Helena,
from that hour his fall began.
Josephine was divorced—but her love
did not cease; in her retirement she joyed
in all his successes, and prayed that he
might be saved from the fruits of his foul
ambition. When his son was born, she
regretted that she was not near him in
his happiness; and when he went a pris-
oner to Elba, she begged that she might share
his prison, and relieve his woes. Every
article that he had used at his residence
remained as he left it; she would not let a
chair be removed. The book that he had
been last reading was there with the pages
doubled down, and the pen that he had last
used was by it, with the ink dried on its
point. When her death drew nigh, she
wished to sell all her jewels, to send the
filken Emperor money; and her will was
submitted to his execution. She died be-
fore his return from Elba; but her last
thoughts were of him and France, and her
last words expressed the hope and belief
that she had never caused a single tear to
flow." She was buried in the village church
of Rueil, and her body was followed to the
grave not alone by Princes and Generals,
but by two thousand poor, whose hearts had
been made glad by her bounty.
Her marble monument bears only this
inscription:
"JOSEPHINE AND NAPOLEON TO JOSEPHINE."
What a find for future writers is her
character and fate; and what a lesson to all
of us, whether in prosperity or adversity.

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And then I shall spread them o'er with grass,
That will look so fresh and cheering,
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The fountains that you look up on so tight,
When I shall give them a spanking,
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Oh speak in the ground, to the hidden root,
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The boughs that you caked all o'er with ice,
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grave not alone by Princes and Generals,
but by two thousand poor, whose hearts had
been made glad by her bounty.
Her marble monument bears only this
inscription:
"JOSEPHINE AND NAPOLEON TO JOSEPHINE."
What a find for future writers is her
character and fate; and what a lesson to all
of us, whether in prosperity or adversity.

From the Juvenile Miscellany.
WINTER AND SPRING.
"Adieu!" father Winter gratefully said
To the world, when about to quit it.
With his old white wig half off his head
As if never-made to fit it.
"Adieu!" I'm going to the rocks and caves,
To leave all here behind me:
Or perhaps I shall sink in the northern waves
So deep that none can find me!
"Good luck! good luck, to your hoary locks!"
Said the gay young Spring advancing:
Go take your nap, and the caves and rocks,
While I over the earth am dancing.
There is not a spot where your foot has trod,
You hard, old, clumsy fellow,
Not a hill, nor a field, nor a single sod,
But I have got to mellow.
And then I shall spread them o'er with grass,
That will look so fresh and cheering,
None will regret that they let you pass
Far out of sight and hearing.
The fountains that you look up on so tight,
When I shall give them a spanking,
Will sparkle and play to their gladdening light,
And the brooks will set off a rambling.
Oh speak in the ground, to the hidden root,
Where you have kept it sleeping;
And bid it send up the tender shoot,
And set the wild vine creeping.
The boughs that you caked all o'er with ice,
Till 'twas chilling even to behold them,
I shall stick them all round with birds so nice,
My breath can scarce unfold them.
And when the tree in blossom's dress'd,
The bird with her song so merry,
Will come on its limb to hold her nest,
By the sign of the future cherry.
The air and the earth by their joyfulness,
Shall show the good I am doing;
And the skies beam down with their smiles to
bless,
The course that I'm pursuing!"
Said Winter, then, I would have you to learn
By my, my new song,
To push off too, when it comes to your turn,
And yield your place to Summer!"

MISCELLANEOUS.
THE EMPRESS OF FRANCE.
"She, in the working of whose destiny,
The man of blood and victory attained
His more than kingly height."
THE CONQUEST.
When a few centuries shall have thrown
their shadows upon the strange fortunes of
Napoleon, and given to every thing about
him the tinge of romance, the story of his
first wife will seem to the student rather a
fable than a fact; he will look upon her as
we look upon Mary of Scotland, but with a
deeper interest—for she, far more truly
than her lord, was from first to last, the child
of destiny.
Told, while yet unmarried, that she would
be a wife, a widow, and a Queen of France;
the entire fulfillment of the first part of the
prophecy, gave her courage to believe in the
last part also when under sentence of
death. When her bed was taken from un-
der her, because she was to die in the morn-
ing, she told her weeping friends that it
was not so; that she should sit upon the
throne on the ruins of which Robespierre
then stood triumphant; and when asked in
mockery, to choose her motto of honor,
since she was to be Queen, she did choose
them, and they were her motto of honor
when half of Europe looked up to her. On
that night, which was to have been her last
on earth, Robespierre fell. Had he fallen
a few days earlier, her first husband would
have lived; had he fallen one day later,
Josephine would have been among the ten
thousand victims whose names we have
never heard. But he fell on that night, and
her destiny was accomplished.
She married Napoleon, and through her,
her husband was appointed to the army of
Italy. Step by step they rose, till at last
the crown rested upon her head; the sec-
ond part of the prophecy was proved true,
and she began to look forward to that loss
of power and rank, which had also been
foretold, and which was to close the strange
dream of her life.
And he that had wedded the child of des-
tiny grew every day more strong and more
grasping. In vain did Josephine attempt
to rule his ambition, and chasten his aims;
he was an emperor; he wished to found an
empire, and by slow degrees he made him-
self familiar with the thoughts of putting her
away.
When the campaign of 1809 was at an
end, he returned and narrowed, the General
came back to his wife. His former kind-
ness was gone; his playfulness was check-
ed; he consulted her but seldom, and sel-
dom stole upon her private hours with that
familiar love that had so often made her
heart leap. She saw that her hour drew
nigh.
It was the evening of the 20th of Novem-
ber, the cold was at Paris in honor of the
King of Saxony. Josephine sat at her win-
dow, looking down upon the river, and musing
on the dark fate before her, when she
heard Napoleon's step at the door. She
sprang to open it, using her usual exclaima-
tion, "not now!" He embraced her affec-

tionately, and for a moment her fears and
woes seemed vain. She led him to a chair,
placed herself at his feet, and looking up
into his face, smiled through her tears.
"You are unhappy, Josephine," said the
Emperor.
"Not with you, sire."
"But," said he, quickly, "why call me
sire? These shows of state steal all true
joy from us."
"Then, why seek them?" answered Jose-
phine.
The Emperor made no reply. "You are
now the first of men," she continued; "why
not quit war, turn ambition out of your
conceits, bend your thoughts on the good of
France, and live at home among those who
love you?"
Josephine said he, turning his face
from her, "it is not I, it is France demands
the sacrifice."
"Are you sure of that, my Lord?" said the
wife. "Have you probed your heart to the
bottom? Is it not ambition that prompts you
to seek reasons for repudiating me? For
think not, Napoleon, I misunderstood you—
Are you sure it is the love of France?"
Every word she spoke touched him to the
quick; and rising hastily, he replied—
"Madam, I have my reasons; good even-
ings!"
"Stay, sire!" said she, taking hold of his
arm, "we must not part in anger. I submit.
Since you wish it, I submit cheerfully. It
is not my nature to oppose your will; I love
you too deeply. Nor shall I cease to love
you, Napoleon, because I am to leave your
throne and your side. If you still go on
victorious, I shall rejoice with you; if re-
verse comes, I will lay down my life to com-
fort you. I will pray for you morning and
night, and hope that you will sometimes
think of me!"
Hardened as he was, Napoleon had loved
his wife deeply and long. Her submission
to his stern resolve; her calm, but mournful
dignity; her tried, unshaken love, moved
even him; and for a moment affliction strug-
gled with ambition. He turned, and em-
braced her again; but in that moment her
face and form had changed. Her eye and
her whole person seemed inspired! He
felt himself in the presence of a superior
being. She led him to the window, and
threw it open. A thin mist rested upon the
Seine and over the gardens of the palace;
all around was silent; among the stars then
before them, one was far brighter than the
rest. She pointed to it.
"Sire," she said, "that star is mine—to
that, and not to yours, was promised empire,
through me, and through my designs, you
have risen; part of me, and you fall—
The spirit of her that bore me rise to
royalty, even now communes with my spirit,
and tells me that your fate hangs on mine.
B. I love me or no, if we henceforth
walk assunder, you will leave no empire
behind you, and will die yourself in shame
and sorrow, and with a broken spirit!"
He turned away sick at heart, and over-
awed by the words of one whose destiny
had been so strangely accomplished. Ten
days were passed in resolves and counter-
resolves—and then the link that bound him
to fortune was broken. Josephine was di-
vorced; and as he said himself at Helena,
from that hour his fall began.
Josephine was divorced—but her love
did not cease; in her retirement she joyed
in all his successes, and prayed that he
might be saved from the fruits of his foul
ambition. When his son was born, she
regretted that she was not near him in
his happiness; and when he went a pris-
oner to Elba, she begged that she might share
his prison, and relieve his woes. Every
article that he had used at his residence
remained as he left it; she would not let a
chair be removed. The book that he had
been last reading was there with the pages
doubled down, and the pen that he had last
used was by it, with the ink dried on its
point. When her death drew nigh, she
wished to sell all her jewels, to send the
filken Emperor money; and her will was
submitted to his execution. She died be-
fore his return from Elba; but her last
thoughts were of him and France, and her
last words expressed the hope and belief
that she had never caused a single tear to
flow." She was buried in the village church
of Rueil, and her body was followed to the
grave not alone by Princes and Generals,
but by two thousand poor, whose hearts had
been made glad by her bounty.
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inscription:
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